Of all his glory, when he was seated in
A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter
With him; a fire from heauen came and shriueld
Vp those bodies euen to loathing, for they so stunke,
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand should giue them buriall.

Escanes. It was very strange.

Hell. And yet but iustice; for though this King were great,
His greatnesse was no guard to barre heauens shaft.
By sinne had his reward.

Escan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in priuate conference,
Or counsell, hath respect with him but he.

2. *Lord.* It shall no longer greeue without reproofe.

3. *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.

1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.

Hell. With me? and welcome, happy day my Lords.

1. *Lord.* Know that our griefes are risen to the top,
And now at length they ouer-flow their bankes.

Hell. Your griefes, for what?
Wrong not your Prince you loue.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not your selfe then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince do liue, let vs salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:
If in the world he liue, wee'l seeke him out:
If in his graue he rest, wee'l finde him there,
And be resolu'd, he liues to gouerne vs:
Or dead, giue's cause to mourne his Funerall,
And leaue vs to our free Election.

2. *Lord.* Whose death indeed, the strongest in our censure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine: your noble selfe,
That best knowes how to rule and how to raigne.
We thus submit vnto our Soueraigne.

Omnes.

Omnes. Liue noble *Hellican.*

Hell. Try honours cause; forbeare your suffrages:
If that you loue Prince *Pericles*, forbeare,
(Take I your wish, I leape into the seas,
Where's howrely trouble, for a minutes ease)
A twelue-month longer, let me entreate you
To forbeare the absence of your King;
If in which time expirde, he not returne,
I shall with aged patience beare your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this loue,
Goe search like Nobles, like noble Subiects,
And in your search, spend your aduenturous worth,
Whom if you finde, and winne vnto returne,
You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crowne.

2. *Lord.* To wisedome, hee's a foole that will not yeeld,
And since Lord *Hellican* enioyneth vs,
We with our trauels will endeauor.

Hell. Then you loue vs, we you, and wee'l claspe hands,
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome euer stands.

Enter the King reading of a Letter, at one doore, and the Knights meete him.

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides.*

King. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelue-month, shee'l not vndertake
A married life: her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,
Which from her by no meanes can I get.

2. *Knight.* May we not get accesse to her (my Lord)

King. Faith by no meanes, she hath so strictly
Tyed her to her Chamber, that tis impossible:
One twelue Moones more shee'l weare *Dianas* liuery:
This by the eye of *Cinthia* hath she vowed,
And on her Virgin honour will not breake.

3. *Knight.* Loth to bid farwell, we take our leaues.

King. So, they are well dispatcht,
Now to my daughters Letter; she tels me heere,
Shee'l wed the stranger Knight,